

# The Musical World.

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Amateur Instrumentalists, desirous of becoming Members, are requested to forward their names and addresses with the names of the instruments on which they perform, to the Secretary, Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street. In the professional department there are still vacancies for honorary members for the following instruments:—Four first violins, six second violins, two violas, one violoncello, one contra-basso.

The first meeting of the professional department for the election of six out of their body to act as a Committee, in conjunction with the amateur members, will be held at the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Saturday next, December 17th. In answer to numerous inquiries, the Secretary begs to state, that a prospectus can be obtained by addressing him at the Freemason's Tavern.  
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## ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SECOND SEASON.

On MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 12th, 1859.

The Instrumental Pieces will be selected from the Works of

**MENDELSSOHN.**

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART I.

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 12 .. .. . Mendelssohn.  
Herr Becker (his second appearance in England), Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle,  
and M. Paque.  
TRIO, "Soave sia il vento" .. .. . Mozart.  
Miss Fanny Rowland, and Mdlle. Behrens, and Mr. Ramaden.  
SONG, "Rose softly blooming" .. .. . Spohr.  
Miss Fanny Rowland.  
SONG, "Ah! non avea più lagrime" .. .. . Donizetti.  
Mr. Ramaden.  
SOLO, pianoforte, Lieder ohne Worte, Nos. 1 and 4 of  
book 6 .. .. . Mendelssohn.  
Miss Arabella Goddard.

#### PART II.

TEMA CON VARIAZIONI, pianoforte and violoncello .. Mendelssohn.  
Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Paque.  
SONG, "My mother bids me bind my hair" .. .. Haydn.  
Mdlle. Behrens.  
SONG, "Know'st thou the land" .. .. . Beethoven.  
Miss Fanny Rowland.  
DUET, "Two merry gipsies are we" .. .. . Macfarren.  
Miss Fanny Rowland and Mdlle. Behrens.  
QUARTET in F minor, No. 2, Op. 3, for pianoforte, violin,  
viola, and violoncello .. .. . Mendelssohn.  
Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Becker, Mr. Doyle, and M. Paque.

CONDUCTOR, MR. BENEDICT.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, Carter, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent-street; Brooks, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Bradbury's London Crystal Palace, Oxford-street; Duff and Co., 65, Oxford-street; Prowse, Hanway-street; Wyld, Great Hall, Hungerford-market; Chidley, 195, High Holborn; Purday, 50, St. Paul's Church-yard; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Turner, 19, Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6, Finsbury-place, South; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Olivier, Campbell, Willis, and Chappell and Co., Bond-street.  
The Concert to commence at eight o'clock precisely.

**THE CONCERT UNION.**—Miss Eliza Hughes (soprano), Miss Laffler (contralto), Mr. John W. Morgan (tenor), and Mr. Brandon (basso), are open to engagements for Oratorios, Miscellaneous Concerts, &c., and are now concluding a successful tour in Scotland and the North; appearing, Dec. 10th, Dundee (2nd time); 13th, Birmingham; 13th, Lichfield; 14th, Stockton; Jan. 16th, Gosport; 17th, Fareham; and all engagements to be addressed to the Secretary, 22, Upper North-place, Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

**THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.**—Miss J. Wells (soprano), Miss Eyles (contralto), Mr. Baxter (counter-tenor), Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Land (tenors), and Mr. Lawler (bass). Conductor, Mr. Land, to whom all communications should be addressed, No. 4, Cambridge-place, Regent's-park. This Society may be engaged for "Lecture Concerts," interspersed by Mr. Thomas Oliphant, with illustrative and critical remarks and notices, &c.; also for miscellaneous performances and oratorios.

**MR. AGUILAR** has commenced Pianoforte Classes at his residence, 17, Westbourne-square. Each class consists of three pupils who share an hour's lesson. Terms, for 12 lessons, 4s.

U.



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Organised in 1848, and developed at THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC  
BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER, established by him expressly as a Great  
National Institution to facilitate the Encouragement and Promotion of NATIVE  
MUSICAL TALENT, and the GENERAL ADVANCEMENT OF MUSIC  
AMONG THE RISING GENERATION, upon his new and effective system,  
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CHILDREN, the whole comprising an entirely new scheme of NATIONAL  
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Musical Entertainment, entitled DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN, who  
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LITTLE ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH AND WELSH BOYS, FROM FIVE TO  
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Little Boys, from five to nine years of age, apprenticed for three, five, or seven  
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Twelve appointments ready for Masters.

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Dr. MARK is also open to Engagements with his Little Men.

Dr. MARK begs to invite the Parents and Friends, and all those interested in  
his Enterprise and in the Education of the Youths of this country to visit his  
establishment. Visiting hours:—From Nine to Eleven, a.m., and Two and  
Four, p.m. Sundays excepted.

MRS. ROBERT PAGET will sing "Kathleen Mavour-  
neen" (Crouch), "The Three Fishers" (Hullah), &c., at St. James's Hall,  
on Wednesday, the 14th instant.

THE Committee of the former pupils of Mrs. BARCLAY,  
daughter of the late comedian, John Fawcett, in acknowledging with thanks  
the kind liberality of those friends who have already contributed to the fund for  
purchasing an annuity for this deserving lady, desires to make it known that the  
subscription list must shortly be closed, they therefore hope that all who desire  
to testify their sympathy for this respected lady by subscribing to the fund will  
kindly forward their donations to Mrs. O. Webb, 36, Green-street, Park-lane, and  
Messrs. Hatchard, Piccadilly. Total amount received, £250.

### M. LAURENTS' GRAND CHRISTMAS BALL AND

SUPPER, at the St. James's Hall.—M. HENRI LAURENT has the  
honour to announce that he will give a GRAND FESTIVAL BALL and SUPPER,  
in celebration of Christmas, at the St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, Dec. 23,  
when a magnificent entertainment will be provided, surpassing in brilliancy and  
splendour every public Ball given in this country. Satisfied that the arrange-  
ments he has made for the entertainment of his patrons will be liberally appre-  
ciated, M. Laurent has selected as a salle de danse the most spacious and elegant  
room in London—namely, the great St. James's Hall, which will be superbly  
decorated with new and suitable devices by M. Hurwitz, of Southampton-street,  
Covent Garden. M. Laurent will have the honour of conducting the orchestra in  
person, and is confident that his long experience as a composer and conductor of  
musique de danse, will be accepted as a guarantee of the efficiency of the musical  
arrangements for the Christmas Festival. The orchestra, numbering 100 perform-  
ers, will include the most eminent talent in London. Principal cornet à piston,  
M. Duham. The music selected for the occasion will comprise the most popular  
compositions of the season, by Laurent, Jullien, and D'Albert, including M.  
Laurent's celebrated valse from Dinorah and Satanella, and several new morceaux  
de danse, composed by him expressly for the Christmas hall. Among these will  
be a new comic quadrille, on English airs, entitled the Christmas Waits Quadrille,  
the Mistletoe Polka, and a new waltz, the Donna Julia; also a waltz on Christy's  
Minstrel's Melodies, and a new quadrille, composed for the occasion by Burck-  
hardt, and entitled the Serpentine Quadrille. The dancing will be under the  
control of Mr. Kendon and twelve assistants. M. Laurent wishes to draw par-  
ticular attention to the arrangements he has made for the supper, which will be  
on a scale of magnificence suitable to the accommodation of a thousand visitors.  
The supper will be under the sole management of Mr. Donald, the well-known  
restaurateur of St. James's Hall. It will combine the old English fare  
appropriate to the occasion, including baron of beef, boar's-head, and  
several monster Christmas Puddings, with all the most recherché delicacies  
of the season. With the view of ensuring the comfort of every visitor,  
arrangements have been made to reserve and number the seats to the  
supper tables, and M. Laurent trusts that this plan will be duly appre-  
ciated and enforced by the ladies and gentlemen who honour the  
Christmas Festival with their presence. The dancing will commence at 10 o'clock,  
and supper at 1 o'clock. Tickets for the ball and supper are now ready, and may  
be had separately, as follows:—Gentlemen's ticket to ball, 10s. 6d.; ladies' ditto,  
7s.; supper tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Mr. Austin, ticket office, St.  
James's Hall, and of all the principal music-sellers.

### LAURENTS' CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL BALL,

AND SUPPER.—Mr. Donald has the honour to submit the following new  
choice bill of fare for the Christmas Supper, at St. James's Hall, Friday,  
December 23rd. All the seats to the supper will be numbered and reserved.  
Bill of fare:—Preliminary service: Les Galantines de Veau à la Languille, Les Galan-  
tines de Volaille aux Truffes, Les Galantines de Dindon au Aspic à la Royale, Les  
Pâtés de Gibier, Les Poulardes à la Celestial, Les Poulardes Rôties, Les Pâtés  
Rôties, Les Dindons Rôties, Les Langues de Boeuf, Les Barons de Boeuf, Les Jambons  
de York, Les Mayonnaises de Homard, Le Boeuf-Rôti à l'Anglaise, Boar's Head.  
Second Service: Christmas Puddings, Les Gâteaux de Fruits Macedoine, Les Gâteaux  
d'Eau de Dantzig, Les Gâteaux Marbrés, Les Gâteaux à l'Italienne, Les Charlotte  
à la Prussienne, Les Crêpes de Vanille, Les Petites Pâtisseries, Les Compôtes des  
Fraises Portugaises, Les Compôtes des Oranges à la Chinoise, Les Gâteaux au Vin.  
Glaces: L'Eau de Citron, L'Eau d'Orange, Crème aux Framboises, Crème au  
Gingembre.—Manager, W. Donald. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's  
Hall, and of the principal music-sellers.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—

Established for the relief of its distressed members, under the patronage of  
Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. The Committee of this charitable  
Institution having frequent applications for assistance from distressed female  
musicians, widows, and relatives of musicians, who have no claim upon them,  
and whose appeals they are most reluctantly compelled to refuse—the funds of this  
Society being only applicable to the professional subsisting members—fearing  
the advantages are not sufficiently known, beg to invite the attention of the  
musical profession to the benefits to be derived—namely, weekly assistance in  
sickness, pensions when necessitated, funeral expenses, &c. The Secretary will,  
on written application, be happy to forward information for the guidance of intend-  
ing candidates. The Committee also most respectfully and earnestly solicit the  
nobility, gentry, amateurs, and others for their kind aid, by donations, annual  
subscriptions, &c. Ten guineas at one payment constitutes a life subscription.  
All honorary, annual, and life subscribers are entitled to tickets for the Society's  
concerts.

By order,

J. W. HOLLAND, Sec.

13, Maclesfield-street, Soho, W.

#### BOROUGH OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

### APPOINTMENT OF ORGANIST FOR THE NEW

TOWN HALL.—The Corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are desirous of  
securing the services of a Professional Gentleman, conversant with the most recent  
improvements in the construction of organs, to act as Organist to the Grand Organ  
lately erected in the New Town Hall.

The salary will be £150 per annum, for which the person appointed must conduct  
one hundred performances in the year, if required, under the directions of the  
Building Committee, and generally take charge of the instrument.

Candidates will be required to attend at their own expense, and submit to a  
public competitive test, before professional judges, in the hall (of which ten days'  
notice will be given to each candidate); the judges to decide upon the merits of  
the performances being appointed by the Committee.

Applications, stating present and previous engagements, addressed "To The  
Chairman of the Town Hall Building Committee," will be received at the Town  
Clerk's Office, in the Guild Hall, on or before the 24th day of December inst.

By Order,

JOHN CLAYTON, Town Clerk.

Guild Hall, Newcastle, 5th Dec., 1859.

### SIGNOR ALBERTO RANDEGGER has RETURNED

to Town for the winter season. Letters respecting engagements for concerts  
or singing lessons to be addressed to 32, Orchard-street, Portman-square, W.

## REVIEWS.

"Boosey's Part-Song Miscellany"—Nos. 3 to 10 inclusive—(Boosey and Sons). No. 3—"And were they not the happy days?"—although we may find exception to the leap from a chord of the 6-4 (major) on D to the common chord of A minor (bar 1, page 4), is one of Mr. Frank Mori's most effective part-songs—certain vocal difficulties allowed for. The words are among Mr. Charles Mackay's best of the sort. No. 4—"Beauty is dead"—commences somewhat gloomily, and at the bottom of page 2 ("Sear on the willow bank"), the tonality becomes slightly confused; but the rest is charming, especially the phrase (page 3)—"Winter brings shroud and tomb, Mary is dead" (words by Charles Swain), and the whole, without exception, of the second movement, in the major key. No. 5 is a capital arrangement, for two female and two male voices, of the deservedly admired song, "Who shall be fairest?" which has recently attained, both for Mr. Mori and his frequent poetical associate, Mr. Mackay, such a wide popularity. No. 6—"O spare my tender flowers"—with more healthy and vigorous lines by Mr. Mackay, is, if not precisely the most attractive, at least the most irreproachable of Mr. Mori's contributions to the *Part-Song Miscellany*. It sets out happily and goes on happily; is vocal, melodious, and thoroughly well harmonised. No. 7—"Ripe strawberries" (words by W. S. Passmore)—is one of those pleasing trifles, which, being at the same time good when regarded from the point of view of mere workmanship, have gained credit in so many instances for its composer, Mr. J. L. Hutton. No. 8—"Smile, O Heaven, upon the day" (words by E. Falconer)—is an arrangement of one of the most taking choruses in Mr. Balfe's opera of *Satanella*. No. 9, the exquisitely melodious "Santa Maria,"—so impressive amidst its studied simplicity—from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, with the English words of Mr. Chorley. No. 10—"A legend of the Rhine" (poetry by E. M. S., from the German)—is a masterpiece of vocal part writing, which, if not quite as melodiously attractive as the "Ave Maria" of the same composer (Mr. Henry Smart), so often introduced at the performances of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, has the advantage, in a certain kind of natural vigour, to which the "Ave Maria," from the very nature of its subject, can lay no pretence.

"Come to me in my dreams"—song, written by Matthew Arnold, Esq., composed by C. A. Barry, M.A. (Cramer, Beale, and Co.)—is pretty and correctly written; but—in spite of the recitative, to which the verse beginning, "Or as thou never cam'st, in sooth," is set—by no means stamped with originality. "Thou art gone up on high," and "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty"—choral hymns for four voices, by the same composer (J. A. Novello)—are also correctly written, beyond which they offer no point for comment, unless that the last line of the second page of the former should suggest the fact that Mr. Barry must be familiar with Mendelssohn's part-song, "Ye hills and vales of pleasure."

Of "Three four-part songs for male voices"—"The wine is flowing," "As yon river," and "The sun is up"—composed by A. Hamilton (Hamilton and Muller, Edinburgh)—the most spirited is the last, a very effective hunting song. The best, however, is the second ("As yon river swiftly flowing"), which, though the shortest of the three, displays more real musical sentiment than any of its companions.

"Look not, look not too far!"—words by W. B. R., music

by Carl Chevegh; "Long, long ago,"—ditto, ditto—(Addison, Hollier, and Co.). Both these songs are graceful, and if the second part of the first flowed as spontaneously as what precedes it, this, like the last, would be irreproachable.

"The Dream of the Wanderer"—romance for the pianoforte, composed by Brinley Richards (R. Cocks and Co.)—has been suggested by some stanzas of Mrs. Crawford, beginning:—

"It was a dream, a soothing dream,  
I saw my mother's face  
With all its holy sweetness beam;  
I heard the words of grace  
She taught me, as I stood beside  
Her knees in days of joy,  
Ere launch'd upon the world's dark tide,  
A happy, sinless boy."

This belongs to the family of elegant and finished bagatelles which Mr. Richards has the peculiar gift of producing, and of which some time since we pronounced *Ethel* (Duncan Davison and Co.) so felicitous an example. The same composer's pianoforte arrangement of Mr. Wrighton's ballad, "My mother's gentle word" (R. Cocks and Co.), may be equally commended for the neatness and delicacy of its workmanship.

## UN CURIOSO ACCIDENTE.

APROPÓS of this long expected *pasticcio*, the "gran maestro" has written a letter of remonstrance\* to M. Calzado, director of the Italian Opera, in Paris.

This letter has, of course, as in duty bound, been made public by M. Calzado. With respect to the representation of the curious production, *Un Curioso Accidente*, the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* writes as follows:

"We will write down merely as a memento the name of this unfortunate *opera buffa*, which will not reappear in the bills of the Théâtre Italien, and never figured in the list of the great master's productions. It was a simple present which some one or other wanted to make Rossini (people lend only to the rich), but with the composer's own property, and without his consent. This 'some one' had only to search his memory to find a host of charming melodies which Rossini breathed out, from his earliest growth, like perfumed gusts of Spring, and which this 'some one,' worthy man! fancied he might string together, by a dramatic link, with both pleasure and profit to himself. Alas! how many illusions there are in this world, especially in the brains of poets, including, or even not including, M. Berettoni among their number.

The so-called new opera, baptised by the rather dangerous name of *Un Curioso Accidente*, was then nothing more than a vulgar piece of patchwork. In the course of the year 1812, Rossini, then only twenty, wrote no less than six scores, the last of which was that of the *Occasione fa il Ladro*, a *farza* in one act, played at the little theatre of San Mosè at Venice. Two years previously, he had brought out his first work, *Il Cambiale di Matrimonio*, at the same theatre. It is said that this farce in one act, bolstered up by bits taken from *La Pietra di Paragone*, has furnished the principal theme of *Un Curioso Accidente*. The plot turns on the exchange of two portmanteaus by two cavaliers, after which the piece goes on just as it pleases Heaven, but not the public, whom it did not appear to amuse in the least.

The system of patchwork composition is irrevocably condemned. If we take the portions of the finest wines—but of different sorts—left in different bottles, and mix them, we shall have nothing but a horrible beverage. Patchwork pieces are no better, despite the excellence of each of the separate fragments of which they are composed. "Infelix operis summâ," says Horace. Details abound, but there is a want of unity. In the original work of the most insignificant musician, there is a general colouring, a gradation, contrasts, and shades; in a *pasticcio*, we find merely one piece joined on to another, without the slightest unity, or the slightest sympathy between the music and the drama; in fact, to sum up, a number of notes which obstruct instead of assisting each other. M. Berettoni was, doubtless, not of this opinion, and, as he hummed over to himself several of the

\* It will be found in another column.



separate pieces we heard the other evening, did not fail to think they were admirable! He was not wrong, certainly, but he should have left them where they were, and not have obliged MM. Badiali, Zucchini, Lucchesi, Patriossi, Mesdames Albani and Cambari, to learn them simply for the purpose of singing them once. It is these ladies and gentlemen whom we ought to pity, and not the manager whom we ought to blame. In spite of all protestations against it, the *Curioso Accidente* was played by legal authority."

This was precisely what was expected by all who knew anything of the matter.

#### THE MOZART INSTITUTE AT FRANKFORT-ON- THE-MAINE.

THE report of the committee of management of the Mozart Institute to the Liederkranz gives an account of the state of its affairs to the end of the year ending September 30th, 1859. It appears that the capital of the Institute amounted, at the end of last year, to 35,433 florins 10 kreutzers; to this must be added 71 florins 17 kreutzers, the proceeds of the concert given, according to the statutes, by the Liederkranz; besides a vote for 100 francs, 25 florins, 20 florins, and other kind donations. With these additions and the interest on capital, the total capital of the Institute at the close of the present year is 36,625 florins 11 kreutzers.

In striking the balance it is to be remarked that the funds of the Institute are minus two quarters of the allowance of its exhibitor Brambach, for the fourth year; since, as Bruch did before him, he will spend in some other place than Frankfort-on-the-Maine the last year of his holding the exhibition, and, for his own convenience, beg to receive his allowance for several quarters at once.

While thanking the active promoters of our Institute and its objects, we must mention, with the prominence due to him, Herr F. Hiller, of Cologne. Out of pure enthusiasm for all that is good and beautiful, he has, from the very beginning, espoused the cause of our Institute with warm love, and, both by word and deed, promoted its interests in all directions, and in a manner which must have entailed upon him great troubles and many sacrifices. Our last two exhibitions were more especially placed under his care. Everything tends to prove the prudence and excellence of his arrangements; the respect and love evinced by the exhibitors for their teacher and master, afford the most honourable testimony in favour of the whole arrangement. Although such comprehensive and disinterested efforts on the part of Herr Hiller may find their worthiest reward in the excellent results obtained, we cannot refrain from here publicly expressing our grateful appreciation of them, coupling with it the request that Herr Hiller will continue to take the same interest as heretofore in our Institute. And now to speak of our exhibitions themselves. Bruch passed away from this place the latter portion of the period during which he held the exhibition, partially busying himself, most energetically, with grand plans and very comprehensive works, which, in Herr F. Hiller's opinion, bear unmistakable signs of an advanced musical education. He has now completed his terms as an exhibitor, and we hope that his future efforts will be crowned with that success and appreciation, for which the progress he has made in art appears to have provided him with every qualification.

Brambach is no less zealous and industrious, and his grandly imagined plans, as well as the appreciation of Herr F. Hiller, fill us, in his case also, with the most pleasing hope. He will spend a portion of the ensuing winter in Leipsic. He, too, is approaching very closely the termination of his intimate connection with the Institute.

Although the year just elapsed is not marked by any very prominent facts, the quiet course and certain development of all the resources of our Institute are steadily progressing in a satisfactory manner, and promise the most gratifying results for the future. We confidently appeal to the valuable and persevering help of the Liederkranz, which, by its zealousness has contributed so much to the development of the Institute, as well as to the co-operation of other friends and art-colleagues, who, fully convinced of the beneficial results of the Institute, are in a position to promote the objects it has in view.

Next year will introduce more excitement into our Institute, as, probably, we shall, during that period, proceed to the election of another exhibitor.

The report, from which the foregoing has been abridged, is signed for *The Committee of Management of the Mozart Institute*, by Dr. Porlick (President), Dr. A. Giaz, (Secretary).

#### OPERATIC "ROMEOS," APROPOS OF "ROMEO ET JULIETTE,"

AT THE ACADEMIE IMPERIALE DE MUSIQUE.

(From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ.)\*

At the present moment there are five operas of the above name, and Shakspeare's immortal drama is supposed to have furnished the subject of them. Nothing, however, so little resembles the masterpiece of the English poet as the *libretti*—mostly deformed and mean, nay, sometimes so stupid as to be imbecile—for which various composers have written music. Yet the authors of all these *libretti* claim to have drawn their inspiration from Shakspeare, and lighted their torches by his sun of love. Theirs are pale torches, however; three of them are scarcely little rose-coloured tapers; one alone threw out some little brilliancy from the midst of its smoke, while the others can be compared only to the candle-end carried about by a Parisian rag-picker.

The thing which the botching authors of the French and the Italian *libretti*, with the exception of M. Romani (who is, I think, the author of the *libretto* used by Bellini) have made of the Shakspeareian master-piece exceeds anything we can imagine in the way of puerility and absurdity. It is impossible to transform any drama whatever into an opera without modifying, changing, and, to a greater or less degree, spoiling it. I am aware of this, but then how many intelligent modes there are of executing the task of profanation imposed on the *libretto* writer by the exigencies of music! For instance, although it may have been impossible to retain all the characters in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, how is it that none of the literary arrangers ever had the idea of preserving at least one of those which they have all suppressed? In the two French operas, played in the theatres where comic opera reigned, how was it that nobody ever thought of introducing Mercutio or the Nurse, two personages so different from the principal characters, and who would have afforded the composer an opportunity of varying his score by such pungent contrasts? On the other hand, however, several new characters were introduced into the above two productions, so unequal in merit. We have an Antonio, an Alberti, a Cébas, a Gennaro, an Adriani, a Nisa, a Cécile, etc., but why, and with what object?

In the two French operas, the *dénouement* is a happy one. Mournful endings were then banished from all our lyric theatres, where the sight of death had been prohibited, out of consideration for the extreme sensibility of the public. In the three Italian operas, on the contrary, the final catastrophe is admitted, for, in them, Romeo takes poison; while Juliet gives herself a little stab with a pretty little dagger with a coral handle; seats herself gently on the stage, by the side of Romeo's body, utters a very elegant little "Ah!" which represents her last sigh, and the thing is done.

Of course, neither the French nor the Italians, any more than the English themselves, in their theatres consecrated to the "legitimate drama," have dared to preserve the character of Romeo in its integrity, and allow us even to suspect his first love for Rosaline. For shame! What an idea to suppose that young Montague could ever have loved any one before Capulet's daughter! Such a thing would be unworthy the notion we have formed of this model of lovers, and would completely deposite him. The public is exclusively composed of beings with such constant and pure souls!

Yet how profound a lesson is that which the poet intended to give us! How many times do people fancy they love, before knowing what love really is. How many Romeos have died without being acquainted with it! How many others have, for

\* Translated expressly for the *Musical World*.

a series of years, felt their hearts bleed for a Rosaline, separated from their souls by an abyss of which they refused to perceive the depth! How many of them have said to a friend:—

"Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.  
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget."

How many times does Rosaline's lover hear Mercutio tell him:

"... We'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears,"

and answer by an incredulous smile the joyous philosopher, who, on taking his departure, says, fatigued with Romeo's sadness:

"Ah! that same pale-hearted wench, that Rosaline,  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad!"

until the moment, when, in the midst of the splendid *fête* given by the rich Capulet, he perceives Juliet, and has scarcely heard a few words from her trembling voice, before he recognises the being he has sought so long; before his heart bounds and dilates at drinking in the poetic flame, while the image of Rosaline vanishes like a spectre at sunrise. After the *fête*, while he is wandering about Capulet's house, a prey to divine anguish, and feeling a presentiment of the revolution about to take place in his heart, he hears the confession of the high-born girl, and trembles with astonishment and joy. Then begins the immortal dialogue worthy the angels in heaven:

JUL.—What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?  
ROM.—Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.  
JUL.—I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.  
ROM.—Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?  
JUL.—But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
ROM.—O, blessed, blessed night. I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

But the lovers must part. Romeo's heart is oppressed by a feeling of intense grief, and he says to his beloved: "I cannot conceive that they should wish to separate us; I can scarcely believe that I must leave you, even for a few hours only. Listen; among the sounds that arise in the distance, there is a long cry of grief. It appears to issue from my breast.—Look at the splendour of the Heavens! Look at all those brilliant lights! Might we not fancy the fairies had illuminated their palace to celebrate our love?" Juliet, with a palpitating breast, answers only with tears. The true, great passion is born; immense, indescribable, and armed with all the power of the imagination, the heart and the senses. Romeo and Juliet who merely existed before, now live, for they love.

Shakspeare! Father!

When we know the marvellous poem, written in characters of fire, and compare with it the many grotesque librettos, called operas, taken from it, cold rhapsodies, written with pens dipped in the juice of cucumbers and nenuphars, we must exclaim:

Shakspeare; God!

and remember that such outrages cannot affect him.

Of the five operas to which I have referred, at the commencement of this article, the *Romeo* of Steibelt, produced, for the first time, at the Théâtre Feydeau, the 10th September, 1793, is immensely superior to the others. It is really a score; it exists; it is marked by style, sentiment, invention, and novelties of harmony and instrumentation really very remarkable, and which, at that period, must have appeared absolutely daring. There is an overture very well planned, full of pathetic and energetic traits, skilfully treated, and a very fine air, preceded by fine recitative.

"Du calme de la nuit tout ressent les doux charmes."

The melodic turn of the andante is expressive and noble, and the author had the incredible audacity to end it on the third note of the tone, without repeating the final cadence, like most of his contemporaries.

The subject of this air is the second scene of the third act of

Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, where Juliet, alone in her room, is awaiting Romeo, to whom she has been married that day:—

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of, and unseen!—  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match."

I must also mention, in Steibelt's work, an air, with chorus, of old Capulet, full of dash and savage character:—

"Oui, la fureur de se venger  
Est un premier besoin de l'âme!"

The funeral march:—

"Grâces, vertus, soyez en deuil,"

and the air of Juliet, as she is about to drink the narcotic. This is dramatic, and even very touching, but, gracious Heavens! what a distance there is between this sample of musical inspiration, however well managed the interest may be to the very end, and the prodigious *crescendo* of Shakspeare (who was the real inventor of the *crescendo*) a pendant to which is to be found nowhere but in the fourth scene of the third act of *Hamlet*, commencing with the words:—

"Well, mother, what's the matter?"

What a rising tide of terrors is Juliet's long monologue:—

"What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead;  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?—  
I fear it is. And yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—  
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me?—There's a fearful point!  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled, ere my Romeo comes!  
Or, if alive, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;—  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud;—where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night, spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,  
So early waking—what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—  
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environ'd with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—  
Oh, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost,  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee!"

Music, I am bold enough to believe, can go as far as this, but, where it has done so, I do not know. While witnessing the performance of these two terrible scenes, I always seemed to feel my brain whirling in my head, and my bones cracking in my flesh; I shall never forget the prodigious cry of love and anguish which I once heard:

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee!"

And do you suppose, you wretched manufacturers of little operas, that, after being acquainted with such a work, and experiencing such impressions, anyone can listen seriously to

your lukewarm passion, and your little wax loves, fit only to be kept under a glass case!

The other French score, bearing the title of *Romeo et Juliette*, and nearly quite unknown at the present day, is, unfortunately for our national self-love, by Dalayrac. The author of the abominable libretto was clever enough not to put his name to it. It is miserable, flat, and stupid in every respect. Anyone might well imagine this opera was composed by two idiots, unacquainted with passion, sentiment, common sense, French, or music.

In these two operas, the part of Romeo is, at least, written for a man. The three Italian masters, on the contrary, preferred having Juliet's lover represented by a woman. This is a remnant of the old musical morals of the Italian school, and the result of the constant preoccupation of an infantine sensualism. The Italians liked women to sing the characters of lovers, because, in duets, two female voices produced, more easily than male voices, the series of thirds so dear to Italian ears. In the old operas of this school, we find scarcely any parts for basses. Deep voices were objects of horror to that public of Sybarites, as fond of sonorous sweets as children are of sugar-plums.

Zingarelli's opera was in vogue for a tolerably long time, both in France and Italy. The music is quiet and graceful, but we find no more trace of Shakspeare's characters, and no more pretensions to express the passions of the different personages, than if the composer had not understood the language to which he adapted his melodies. People still cite a celebrated air of Romeo, "Ombra adorata," which was sufficient to attract the public, during a long period, to the Théâtre-Italien, at Paris, and make them forget the cold wearisomeness of all the rest of the work. This air is graceful, elegant, and very well treated as a whole; there are some pretty traits for the flute, which corresponds happily with the fragments of the vocal portion. Everything in this air is almost smiling. In it, Romeo, who is about to die, expresses his delight at the idea of soon rejoining his Juliet, and enjoying the pure pleasures of love in the abode of the blest:

"Nel fortunato Eliso  
Avrà contenti il cor."

Juliet sings various pieces, containing a mixture of truthful feeling and musical tomfooleries. In one grand air, she exclaims, for instance: "That there is not another soul so crushed by woe as her own."

"Non v'è un alma a questo eccesso  
Sventurata al par di mi."

She stops an instant to collect her powers, and then, bursting out *con brio*, indulges, *without words*, in a long series of triplets, of the most joyous character, the *allegria* being augmented by the facetious passages of the violins.

As for the final duet, the terrible scene, where Juliet, after fancying she has been about to obtain the highest pitch of happiness, finds that Romeo is poisoned, and witnesses his death-agony, dying finally upon his body, nothing can be calmer than the anguish, or more charming than the convulsions of the lovers. If ever we might say: "They do but jest, poison in jest," we may do so in the present instance.

Of Vaccai's *Romeo*, scarcely anything more than the third act is now performed. This is generally cited as a *morceau* full of passion and fine dramatic colouring. I heard it in London, and, I must say, I could perceive neither colouring nor passion. In this, as well as in Zingarelli's work, the lovers abandon themselves to despair very calmly. "They do but jest, poison in jest." I do not know whether the third act is that which now forms the fourth act of Bellini's opera, lately played at the Académie-Imériale. All I know is that I did not recognise it. People, so it was said, a short time since, thought Bellini's last act *too weak*. The poison seemed too much "in jest." It must be something prodigious. I heard it, five-and-twenty years ago, at Florence, but I have not the faintest recollection of the *dénouement*.

This *Romeo*, fifth of the name, although one of the most mediocre of all Bellini's scores, contains some pretty things, and a finale full of dash, in which a beautiful phrase, sung in unison by the two lovers, is worked out. This passage struck me the day I heard

it for the first time, at the theatre of the Pergola. It was well rendered in all respects. The two lovers were forcibly separated by their enraged relatives; the Montagues held back Romeo, and the Capulets, Juliet; but, at the repetition of the beautiful phrase—

"Nous nous reverrons au ciel,"

the two lovers, escaping from their persecutors, rushed into each other's arms, and embraced with a warmth quite Shaksperian. At this moment the audience began to believe in their love. At the Opera the singers took care not to indulge in anything *so daring*; in France it is not considered decent for two lovers to embrace, on the stage, with such fervour. It is not becoming. As far as I remember, the gentle Bellini employed only instrumentation of a moderate kind in his *Romeo*. He introduced neither a small drum nor a big one. At the Opera, the orchestra has been provided with both these most necessary auxiliaries. As there are scenes of civil war in the drama, how can the orchestra do without the regulation drum? and then can any one dance or sing, now-a-days, without the big drum? Still, at the moment that Juliet, uttering cries of despair, throws herself at her father's feet, the big drum imperturbably marking the tact with pompous regularity, produces, it must be admitted, an effect irresistibly comic. As the noise of it is heard above everything else, and engrosses all the attention of the audience, the latter think no more of Juliet, but fancy they are listening to a military band, marching at the head of a legion of the National Guard.

The samples of ballet music, interpolated in Bellini's score, are of no very great value; they want charm and spirit. There was one pleasing *andante*, however; it was that having for its theme the air of *La Straniera*.

"Meco tu vieni, ó misera,"

one of Bellini's most touching inspirations. They dance to this. What of that! People dance to anything. Everything is done to everything.

Felix Romani's libretto, the style of which, it is said, is so fine, has been translated by M. Nuitter. In some places, the verses correspond badly to the music.

The costumes have nothing very remarkable about them, with the sole exception of Lorenzo's costume, which was especially remarked. It is a houppelande lined with sable. The good Lorenzo is dressed like a Pole. Are we right in supposing that the weather used to be very cold at Padua in those times? Marié, who played this besabed part, had a cold, and several vocal mishaps. Gueymard is a very energetic Tybalt. Madame Gueymard, sang, with her golden voice, the part of Juliet, in a dramatic manner. The *débütante*, Madame Vestvali, is a tall, handsome woman, with a contralto voice, of a very extensive range in the lower notes, but without any brilliancy in the middle ones. Her vocalisation is not easy, and she is not always in tune, especially in the upper octave. She played Romeo with a great deal of—dignity.

The scene of the tomb, as represented by great English actors, will always be the most sublime marvel of dramatic art. At the name of Romeo, feebly exhaled from the lips of Juliet, as she revives, the young Montague, struck with astonishment, stands, for an instant, motionless. A second appeal, more tender than the first, draws his attention to the monument, and a movement of Juliet dissipates his doubt. She lives! He rushes up to the bier, snatches from it the body of his adored, tears off her veil and grave-clothes, and, bringing her down to the front of the stage, holds her in his arms. Juliet languidly casts her dim looks around. Romeo addresses her; presses her to his breast; throws back the hair from off her pale forehead; covers her face with burning kisses, and bursts out into convulsive fits of laughter. In his mad joy, he has forgotten he will soon die. Juliet breathes! Juliet! Juliet! But a powerful pang reminds him of the truth. The poison is at work, and is eating up his entrails. "O potent poison!" Capulet, Capulet, pity! He drags himself along on his knees, fancying, in his delirium, that he sees Juliet's father coming to snatch her from him again.

This scene, in the new opera, is as follows:—



Steps are placed on each side of Juliet's tomb, so that she may get down easily and becomingly. This she does, and advances, with measured steps, towards her lover, who is motionless. The two now begin to talk of a few little matters of private business, and mutually explain, very calmly, a whole host of things:

"ROMEO.—Que vois-je ?

JULIETTE.—Romeo !

ROMEO.—Juliette vivante !

JULIETTE.—D'une morte apparente

Le réveil en ce jour

A ton amour va donc me rendre !

ROMEO.—Dis-tu vrai ?

JULIETTE.—Lorenzo n'a-t-il pu te l'apprendre ?

ROMEO.—Sans rien savoir, sans rien comprendre,  
J'ai cru pour mon malheur te perdre sans retour."

"Are there no stones in heaven ?"

No! there are not, and Othello's question is an idle one. No! there is nothing beautiful; there is nothing ugly; there is nothing true, false, sublime, or absurd: everything is the same. The public, that pattern of impassable indifference, knows this very well.

But let us be calm. Looking at the matter in the light of art—(art has nothing to do with it). Looking at the matter with an eye to the pecuniary interests of the Opera, we think that, in engaging Mad. Vestvali, and in producing Bellini's *Romeo*, the manager of this great and beautiful theatre has done a bad stroke of business.

"Let us sleep!

I can no more."

H. BERLIOZ.

## MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Thursday December, 1st.

In this gay city, where so many works of merit, both lyrical and dramatic, are now dividing our admiration, and making it difficult to decide which has the most merit, the public still find time to talk about, and be interested in, the events yet to occur; and the one of the greatest interest at the present moment is the performance that is to take place on Thursday, the 15th of December, at the Grand-Opéra, to celebrate the re-appearance of M. Roger, to the great delight of his numerous friends and admirers. The entertainment will run thus:—Roger will sing the first act of the *Dame Blanche*, an opera in which he won his earliest laurels. He will next sing the fifth act of the *Propète*, assisted by Mad. Albani; and the fourth act of the *Favorite*, with Madame Borghi-Mamo. After that, Duprez, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and M. Dufresne, will sing the grand trio scene of *La Juive*. There will be also, to add still greater interest to the entertainment, some solo singing, by Mad. Miolan-Carvalho; she will give the *Carnaval de Venise*, and then the *Ave Maria* of M. Gounod upon the *prélude de Bach*, accompanied by a chorus, orchestra, and the violin of M. Alard, who will also perform a solo; a ballet is to follow, in which Mesdames Ferraris, Emma Livry, and Zina will appear. With such a concurrence of talent as this in view, it is no wonder the tickets have already doubled in value, and the sellers of them have quite reaped a little harvest.

Having told you thus, of what is still looming in the future, I must give you a slight sketch of what is going on actually. Some few days ago Madame Cambardi played Adalgisa in *Norma* so well, that she shared the plaudits fastened on Madame Penco; Morini, the tenor, is not as fortunate: his voice is quite unequal to the part of Pollione. The *Margarita* of M. Braga is announced for the 8th December.

It has been necessary to defer the representation of *Yvonne* at the Opéra-Comique, some of the artists suffering from the effects of the weather. M. Faure also was unable to sing last Thursday in the *Pardon de Ploërmel* from influenza. This opera still keeps up its success. (I hear also, by the way, it is charmingly performed in London by the Covent Garden Company.)

All Paris goes to see the *Orphée* of Gluck at the Théâtre-Lyrique, which is alternated with performances of *Faust*.

I shall give you but very few details as to the *Génévieve de Brabant* of M. Offenbach (libretto by MM. Jaime fils and Trefeu.) The legend they have most wofully distorted, taking from it its charming simplicity of detail, which has so often charmed children, "great and small." But as it is a burlesque I must not criticise too harshly, but pass on to the music, which is charming, one or two airs being full of melody, others equally remarkable for spirit and life. Of the *finale* of the first act, the departure for Palestine, which is worthy of the Grand-Opéra, M. Alphonse Royer said, in leaving the theatre, "Ah! Offenbach is practising his hand for us." Three "motifs" balance each other in this chorus—a war song, a joyous strain, and the farewells of the women, all intermixed with the trumpet calls. In the second act there is a charming little hunting quartet: and the gipsy-song of Mad. Tantin, "Je viens de bien loin d'ici," was much applauded. This little operetta is decidedly a success. The costumes, also, are beautiful, and were designed by Gustave Doré. The great Meyerbeer and the Grande Duchesse Marie were at the second representation, besides Jules Janin, and a crowd of Parisian celebrities.

At the Church of St. Eustache, a musical solemnity in aid of the funds for musicians, was given last Tuesday. The music performed was a work of Mozart—the Third Mass in B flat—and admirably sung by Mesdames Carvalho, Ugalde, etc., and a band of five hundred artists. The collection rose to as much as five thousand francs.

Paris, Dec. 8th.

Since I last wrote, the influenza having taken its departure from the Opéra-Comique, *Yvonne*, delivered from so formidable an enemy, has at last been brought out. *Yvonne* is a lyrical drama, in three acts—libretto by M. Scribe, music by M. Limnander. 'Tis a simple tale, and one soon told. *Yvonne* is the widow of a Vendean farmer, who had been killed by the "Blues," as the Republicans were called, and whom, consequently, she hates with all the intensity of a Vendean woman, and her daughter Loyse, who has fallen in love with a republican soldier, Robert by name, fears to tell her of it. *Yvonne's* son Jean, who has fallen in love with Blanche de Tintenne, has not yet declared his affection to that young lady. Robert, who is not a "Red" republican, manages to protect Blanche against a detachment of his own soldiers, and also gains the confidence of *Yvonne* by procuring her an interview with her son Jean, who, out of gratitude for his protection of Blanche, begs his mother to accept of Robert as her son-in-law. In the meantime, there is a grand battle, and Robert, in returning to marry Loyse, tells *Yvonne* he has killed a young officer, who turned out to be Jean. In this scene Mdle. Wertheimer, who plays the part of *Yvonne*, proved herself a consummate artist. The struggle between her wish to give up Robert to the vengeance of the Vendean and the recollection of her promise to her son, is depicted in a most artistic manner. She seems a Fides of a humbler sphere. However, Jean, who was wounded, not dead, returns home, and of course the piece terminates happily. There is not the slightest shade of fun in this opera. But that is not in M. Limnander's style. Out of the many airs in this opera, I will only cite a few (of the rest the duet, "Voici le joli mois de Mai," and the quartet which follows it, are very graceful airs). The air with which the second act opens, "Mon fils, mon pauvre Jean," some pretty stanzas by Loyse, and the song of Jean, "Je reviendrai," and the prayer of the finale, preceded by the "Chant Départ" and followed by the air of "Vive Henry IV.," were warmly applauded. Mdle. Wertheimer, who has, of course, the most to do, did it with such energy, talent, and good will, that she fairly shared the honours with M. Wertheimer.

We shall shortly lose our celebrated maestro Meyerbeer, who is leaving for Stuttgart to superintend the rehearsals of the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. Before leaving, however, he has given us another charming production. He has set some of the French translation in verse of the *Imitation de Jésus Christ*, by Pierre Corneille, to music; they are magnificent strophes as recitative for bass voice, which are taken up by a chorus in six parts.

Nothing, they say, can be finer than this solemn chant, which M. Pas-de-loup has already begged to be allowed to perform at one of his own concerts.

If we are to believe the *Indépendance Belge*, a great many reforms will take place, at the end of the year, in the Opéra-Comique; one of which is said to be the suppression of the *corps de ballet*, which costs a great deal of money, and renders but little service.

Another *mariage d'artiste* is about to take place between M. Bonneheé, of the Grand-Opéra, and Madlle. Mathilde Marquet, ex-danseuse of the same theatre.

I heard, in a letter from Madrid, that Madlle. Trebelli, the pupil of Wartel, made her third appearance at the Théâtre de l'Orient, as the page Urbano in the *Huguenots*, and obtained a decided success. The Duchess of Alba, who heard her for the first time, threw her a bouquet. The same evening Mario and Grisi quite regained the admiration of the public.

At Berlin the new opera of the Count de Roedern, *La Reine Christine*, is in rehearsal.

The directors of the New-York theatre have proposed to M. Marschner (of Hanover) to have his two operas *Le Vampire* and *le Templier* performed at this theatre in Italian, and also to put him at the head of a new establishment for concerts, which should be called the Marschner Philharmonic.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—Too late for this week. Next week and the weeks following the advertisement shall appear as wished.

D. L. (Windsor).—Under consideration. The letter is inconveniently long.

H. T. A. has not given his name and address.

#### NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.

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## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10TH, 1859.

THERE has for some time past been a great talk of an opera, entitled *Un Curioso Accidente*, which with the name of Rossini attached to it was announced in the early part of the autumn as one of the novelties about to be produced by M. Calzado at the Théâtre Italien in Paris. By little and little the truth oozed out that this *Curioso Accidente*, instead of being an original, or a hitherto unknown, opera, was nothing more than a *refaccimento* concocted from the very earliest dramatic works of the master, by a certain Signor Berettoni. This of course weakened the expectation of the musical public generally and the patrons of the Bouffes in particular. Nevertheless, Signor Calzado, unwilling to forego so tempting a bait to the uninitiated, persisted in advertising the *Curioso Accidente* in his prospectus as "a new opera by Rossini," until, probably at the instigation of some judicious friends, the indolent and slightly apathetic composer was induced to address the *impresario* in the following terms:—

(TRANSLATION.)

"To Signor Calzado, Director of the Théâtre Impérial Italien.

11 Nov. 1859.

"SIR,—I am informed that the bills of your theatre announce a new opera by me, under the title of *Un Curioso Accidente*.

"I am not aware whether I had the right to forbid the performance of a compilation, in two acts (more or less), of old pieces by me; I have never occupied myself with such questions concerning my works (of which, not one, by the way, bears the title of *Un Curioso Accidente*); and under any circumstances I have not opposed nor do I intend opposing the representation of *Un Curioso Accidente*. But I cannot allow the public invited to your theatre, nor your subscribers, to believe that either it is a new opera of mine or that I have had any hand in the compilation about to be produced.

"I therefore beg you to erase from your announcement the word new, together with my name as author, and to substitute the following:—*Opera, arranged from compositions of Signor Rossini, by Signor Berettoni.*

"I must request that this change in the announcement may appear to-morrow, in default of which I shall be compelled to claim from the law that which I now claim from your loyalty. Accept, Sir, my hearty civilities. (Signed) GIOACHINO ROSSINI."

Even with the above letter *en évidence*, we cannot but think that Sig. Rossini has shown himself not merely too indulgent, but unaccountably indifferent to his reputation. As will be seen in another column, *Un Curioso Accidente* was played last week, and without a vestige of success. Now a failure in any way connected with the name of Rossini, who has lived to know that his fame is imperishable, is simply preposterous. And yet what else could have resulted from such a silly, we may add impertinent, proceeding as that of Sig. Berettoni. The affair of ten years since, when large slices from *La Donna del Lago* and other compositions for the Italian stage were served up under the title of *Robert Bruce*, as a standing dish for the Grand-Opéra house in the Rue Lepelletier, was sufficiently disgraceful. At that time, however, Rossini was far away from Paris, and his nostrils were not offended by the odour of the unsavoury collation; but now a much worse preparation is made under the very nose of the man of genius, who—even taking into account his immeasurable urbanity, to say nothing of his phlegmatic temperament (real or half-assumed)—can hardly be otherwise than offended, not to say ineffably disgusted with the whole transaction.

WHEN a man finds his creditors crowding upon him, just as his assets are in the lowest possible condition, he naturally considers that he has been very hardly used by fate at least, if not by the creditors. Now this is exactly the case with the British drama. Just as the power of invention becomes less and less, the outcry for originality becomes more and more obstreperous.

The French copyright party are in the van, equally loud,

(Original.)

"A M. CALZADO, Directeur du Théâtre Impérial Italien.

"Monsieur,—On me dit que l'affiche de votre théâtre annonce un opéra nouveau de moi, sous ce titre: *Un curioso accidente*.

"Je ne sais si j'avais le droit d'empêcher de représenter un composé, en deux actes (plus ou moins), de morceaux anciens de moi; je ne me suis jamais occupé de ces sortes de questions pour mes ouvrages (dont aucun, pour le dire en passant, ne porte ce titre: *Un curioso accidente*). En tous cas, je ne me suis pas opposé, et je ne m'oppose pas à la représentation de ce *Curioso accidente*. Mais je ne puis laisser croire au public appelé à votre théâtre, et à vos abonnés, que c'est un opéra nouveau de moi d'abord, et ensuite que je suis pour quelque chose dans l'arrangement qui va se produire.

"Je viens donc vous prier de faire disparaître de votre affiche le mot nouveau, et mon nom comme auteur, et de remplacer ce qui s'y trouve par ceci: *Opéra arrangé sur des morceaux de M. Rossini, par M. Berettoni.*

"Je demande que ce changement figure sur l'affiche de demain: à défaut, je serai obligé de réclamer de la justice ce que je réclame de votre loyauté.

"Recevez, Monsieur, mes civilités empressées.

"Signé: GIOACHINO ROSSINI."



whether the piece from which some English play has been adapted was written before or after the conclusion of the international treaty. Forgetful that Corneille and Molière borrowed from the Spanish and the Italian, they have no milder term than robbery to designate the employment of a material that belongs to nobody, and they fill columns of theatrical journals with their invectives, when they have no more interesting subject to make them forget the sentiment of their wrongs.

These full-voiced Frenchmen are supported in this country by a numerous anti-Gallican party, who detest every article that comes from the other side of the Channel. It may seem strange that the French and the anti-Gallicans are on the same side, but such is actually the case. The French are angry seeing their plots imitated in London, without any permission on their part, and the anti-Gallicans dislike French plots under any circumstances whatever. Hence they join their voices together in the cry of robbery against the English adapter, but if by any possibility an alliance could be effected between the dramatic authors of the two countries, this unnatural union would at once come to an end.

Were the Anti-Gallicans a disinterested body, anxious to see the English dramatists draw from the resources of their own country, and, consequently, thus make the London stage a reflector of English manners, they would be entitled to our sympathies, but, unfortunately, they are nothing of the kind. Having written a heap of rubbish which no manager will accept, they fancy that the repulse they meet is occasioned by the glut of foreign adaptations. They are thus protectionists of the most violent order, deeming that native trash, however abominable, is more worthy of patronage than the imported foreign article, however good. When, now and then, a good-natured manager surprises them by going out of his way to inflict their crudities on the public, the metal of which they are made comes to light. They are totally ignorant of every expedient that can render a drama attractive, and if they were allowed to supply the stage abundantly, they would close the theatres altogether. It is one of the sins of this class, that they are never convinced by failure. When their pieces are withdrawn, on account of utter inefficiency, they scent conspiracy and injustice, and are ready to wail anew, when the next adaptation from the French makes its appearance.

Under these circumstances, a man who does not adapt foreign plays, but contrives his own plot, might expect to be welcomed with enthusiasm. On the contrary, he is more likely to be hit hard than anybody else, just as the tallest man in a crowd runs the greatest risk of damage by a missile. From such and such an old play he filched such and such a scene; from this or that novel he abstracted this or that situation; and as for his principal character is it not to be found in So-and-so? To suit the standard of the nineteenth century, the dramatist must not only construct his own plot, but project from his brain the idea which it embodies, and people the stage with types of humanity that were never before exhibited. The penalty of non-compliance with these conditions is a subjection to the heavy charge of being "not original."

Now the sort of originality claimed by our modern critics was unknown to the Greeks, to the Romans, to the French classicists, to the English Elizabethans? Why then should it be required now?

TIBULLUS, in the second elegy of his first book, recounted his intimacy with a very ingenious old lady, who by the force of her incantations was in the habit of drawing down stars from the sky and changing the course of the most rapid rivers. She would occasionally cause the earth to yawn, coax ghosts out of sepulchres, and reanimate the bones in a funeral pyre. Troops of infernal beings would quit their abode at her summons, and when she became tired of their company, she would just sprinkle them with a little milk, and they would sneak back again to their dismal homes. When she desired a shower, the heavens, at her command, were overspread with clouds, which were all dispersed by a stiff breeze when she wanted a return of fair weather. The herbs once used by Medea were very rare, but this worthy dame had them in her possession, and, notwithstanding the ferocity of Hecate's dogs, she could muzzle them at pleasure.

But, witch as she was, the female friend of Tibullus had not attained the art of making something out of nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* was as stubborn a proposition in her eyes as in those of the physical philosophers. She could draw down the stars when there were stars to draw, but she would have failed if the heavens were altogether starless. Clearly then she was inferior to the Russian conjuror, Wiljalba Frikell, who, at the Polygraphic Hall, takes goblets and bouquets from empty hats, and golden fishes from empty cloaks. Tibullus, who wrote a dozen lines to celebrate the proficiency of his shabby Italian sorceress, would have found twelve books scarcely sufficient to contain the praises of the illustrious Russian wizard.

And as Tibullus is dead, do you, reader, write the twelve books for him, having first acquired a full knowledge of your subject by handsomely taking a stall in King William-street, Strand.

CASSEL.—It is in contemplation to found a Spohr Institute at this little capital, on the model of the Mozart Institute at Cologne.

THE LATE DR. SPOHR.—Letters from Cassel state that the MS. of an autobiography of this celebrated musician has been found among his papers in his own handwriting, and that it will be immediately published.

LEIPZIG.—Herr J. Rietz, Capellmeister and conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, has relinquished the post which he has held since the death of Mendelssohn, and accepted the place at Dresden left vacant by the death of Reissiger.

SIVORI is giving chamber-concerts in Paris with the young pianist, Ritter.

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."—This masterpiece is to be given at the Paris Opéra-Comique, with M. Faure as Don Giovanni.

ACCIDENT TO MR. RANSFORD.—We regret to announce that a serious accident happened to Mr. Ransford, the vocalist, on Saturday evening. He and his daughter were engaged for an entertainment at the Railway Literary Institute (Brighton). Mr. Ransford left the room for a few minutes, and, the night being dark, took a wrong turning, and fell down an open area ten feet deep. He unfortunately displaced his ankle, and was otherwise seriously injured.—*Brighton Gazette*.

BREMEN.—At the first of the "Private Concerts," as they are termed, M. Viouxtemps executed his Concerto in D minor, as well as several other of his own compositions, including, "Oh, Willie, we have missed you." Mad. Clara Schumann played the A minor concerto of R. Schumann, Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu*, in C sharp minor, Schumann's "Schlummerlied," Op. 24, and Bach's Gavotte in D minor, the latter being enthusiastically encored.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The comedy of *A Cure for the Heart-ache* has been revived at this theatre for Mr. Charles Mathews who sustains the character of Young Rapid with incomparable lightness and animation.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At the fourth performance, the vocal music was by Mozart, the instrumental by various composers. The programme is subjoined:—

## PART I.

Quartet in E flat, No. 80—Herr Becker, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and M. Pague ... ..	Haydn.
Duet, "Ah! guarda sorella"—Miss Fanny Rowland and Mdlle. Behrens ... ..	Mozart.
Song, "L'Addio"—Mdlle. Behrens ... ..	Mozart.
Song, "Deh! per questo"—Mr. Sims Reeves ... ..	Mozart.
Sonata, "Ne plus ultra"—Miss Arabella Goddard ... ..	Woelfl.

## PART II.

Quartet in A major, Op. 18, No. 5—Herr Becker, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and M. Pague ... ..	Beethoven.
Aria, "Dalla sua pace" (by desire) Mr. Sims Reeves ... ..	Mozart.
Song, "Or che il cielo"—Miss Fanny Rowland ... ..	Mozart.
Trio in C minor, No. 2 (Op. 66)—Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Becker, and M. Pague ... ..	Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Herr Becker (violinist to the Grand-Duchess of Baden) is a thorough artist, and promises to be a decided acquisition to these concerts; but we must take another opportunity of describing what we conceive to be his merits. Miss Arabella Goddard was received as she is always received, and plays as she always plays, the "Ne Plus Ultra" being the *ne plus ultra* of the evening among the instrumental displays. Mr. Sims Reeves, singing (as at the previous concert) to perfection, was obliged to repeat the unsurpassable "Deh! per questo." Mdlle. Behrens was criticised for taking "L'Addio" somewhat slowly, and Miss Fanny Rowland praised for sustaining her growing repute, in a long and difficult air almost at the end of the performance. Mr. Benedict, as usual performed his duties to the general satisfaction. We should also have named M. Pague, who had no easy task in acting as substitute for Sig. Piatti.

## GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

THE musical entertainment on the ballad lore of England, which we announced last week as having been commenced by Miss Poole and Mr. Archibald Ramsden, on Thursday evening, has been withdrawn from the Gallery of Illustration, to make way for Mr. and Mrs. German Reel, who had engaged the room for some time previously, and who open on Monday with a new series of "Popular Illustrations." The success achieved by the new ballad entertainment must lead to its immediate repetition; and although the difficulty of finding an appropriate locality is by no means trifling, yet we hope, in a very few days, to have the pleasure of greeting Miss Poole and Mr. Ramsden on another arena, no less suitable, commodious, and well situated, than the Royal Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street.

The entertainment has been written by Mr. William Chappell, whose great knowledge of the subject, as exemplified in his work on the *Popular Music of the Olden Time*—a treasury of immense erudition and research, and which has already resolved itself into a standard classic work—admirably befitted him for the task. Mr. Chappell has effected his part of the entertainment without the least desire to display his knowledge and learning. To each song he has prefixed a short introduction, historical, or anecdotal, which serves as a chain to connect the series of ballads. A poetical prologue, too, has been supplied by Mr. Mark Lemon, extremely well-written and pointed. Miss Poole and Mr. A. Ramsden deliver the songs alternately, the gentleman presiding at the piano-forte.

The ballads introduced extend over a period of five centuries—from 1250 to 1759. The earliest specimen, "Summer is a coming in"—or, more properly, to adopt the old orthography, "Summer is *scumen in*"—is rather a glee than a song, but has been translated into the ballad form, to allow Miss Poole to present so admirable a specimen of ancient song in her own eloquent manner. There are, in all, fifteen vocal illustrations, several of them entirely unknown even to the amateur. Two or three of these are of great simplicity, and may be said to have

a first part only,—as may be instanced in some of the most popular of the Irish melodies, "The Young May Moon," to wit. Such are, "Ah! the sighs that come into my breast," and "Near Woodstock Town." This was, doubtless, the original form of the ballad, until art led to its further development. The airs, which will be at once recognised, are, "My lodging is on the cold ground,"—proved by Mr. William Chappell to be English, not Irish, despite Tom Moore's exquisite lyric in the Irish melodies, "Oh! believe me if all those endearing young charms," and the stout assertion made by Mr. Bunting; "The Vicar of Bray"—known by the modern sea-song, "One night it blew a hurricane," somewhat altered from the original; "Amid the new-mown hay"—the original of "Jockey to the fair," a ballad once highly popular with the visitors to the Ranelagh Gardens and Vauxhall, and from which the American song "Bobbin' around" is taken; "Sally in our alley" and "Hearts of oak." The modern air to "Sally in our alley" is not that which was composed by Henry Carey, in 1630. The original tune, no doubt, is given in Mr. Chappell's popular collection, and, as a matter of curiosity, we think, it might have been introduced into this entertainment.

Miss Poole's singing of these old ballads is most delightful. Her voice is still as fresh as a lark's, and her extremely unpretending style is admirably suited to these "absolute" tunes, which would only be spoiled by any ultra display of expression. We cannot single out any one performance which seemed to us better than another; but we may mention that her greatest effect was produced in "My lodging is on the cold ground," "The bailiff's daughter of Islington," and "O list to me, my only love," all of which were exquisitely given.

Mr. Ramsden has a good barytone voice, and has studied singing to some purpose. Moreover, he accompanies well on the pianoforte, and reads with tolerable distinctness and clearness. Three such qualifications cannot fail to recommend him as an acquisition to the concert-room. His most successful performances were "The leather bottle," "The Vicar of Bray," and "Hearts of oak." The first of these is an inimitable song of its kind, with a grand old tune, and capital verses, celebrating leather above all other materials for the manufacture of bottles.

The accompaniment to the songs has been supplied by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and Mr. Oxenford has abbreviated the verses, or written new words when required. Need we say how well two such masters of their art have accomplished their task.

## HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL.

THE prince of modern necromancers, after a magic circuit in the provinces, has returned to London, and has set up his cabalistic temple at the Polygraphic Hall, King William-street, Strand. He commenced his new series of performances on Monday night, and, as a matter of course—or he would be no magician—attracted a large attendance. Herr Wiljalba Frikell is the Simon Magus, Apollonius Tyaneus, Pasetes, Jamblicus, or Odo de Stellis (*vide* Nubrigensis, Lege, lib. 1. cap. 19) of the Magi of modern times. We do not assert that he has power, like the famous Lapland witch, Agaperta, to turn himself and others into various forms—*modo pusilla, modo senex, modo procera aut quercus, modo vacca, avis, canis, coluber*, &c. &c.; nor, like Erricus, King of Sweden, by virtue of his enchanted cap, to command spirits (except in his magic bottle), and to bid the winds obey his "heats." Herr Wiljalba Frikell is a conjuror, not a miracle-monger; works by wit, not by witchcraft; and we have no doubt he would convey—as far as communication could convey—his art and power for a commensurate remuneration. But sleight of hand is as difficult to attain to any proficiency as playing on the fiddle. The Russian professor is simply the most accomplished of his craft, and this is why he can do more without an apparatus than most others with one. The entertainment of Natural Magic now in course of exhibition, besides containing all the eminent tricks of last season, includes some startling novelties which cannot fail to puzzle even the initiated in the illusory art.

The Professor can only stay a few weeks in England. He announces this as his last season amongst us. He is mistaken.

We are not tired of his tricks yet, although he has been exhibiting almost without intermission for three years. Not only his great art, but his gentlemanly demeanour, and earnestness to oblige on all occasions, have won for him universal liking. In this world of false illusions, we cannot afford to lose the pleasing illusions of Herr Wiljalba Frikell—the veritable “gay deceiver” of the public.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—In a recent number it was briefly mentioned that this society had commenced its season on Friday the 25th instant, with a performance of Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Mozart's *Requiem*, the former being given as a special mark of respect to the memory of its gifted composer, who, it will be remembered, died on October 22nd, at Hesse-Cassel. As a memoir of the lamented musician has recently appeared in these columns, we need not farther allude to the subject. Of the general execution of both works we can speak in terms of almost unqualified praise, soloists, band and chorus, all doing their best to render justice to the music, and with perfect success. A greater contrast of style than that between the *Last Judgment* and the *Requiem*, can hardly be imagined; both masterly in their way, and both bearing the stamp of genius, but having no other characteristic in common.

Madame Lemmens Sherrington, who made (if we remember correctly) her first appearance with the Sacred Harmonic Society, on the present occasion showed herself as thoroughly at home in the higher as she has already done in the lighter class of music; while Herr Reichardt (also a new-comer) evinced a familiarity alike with Spohr and Mozart, clearly indicating that his studies had not been confined to the operatic songs with which his singing has recently been almost exclusively associated. One point in Herr Reichardt is especially deserving of praise—viz., the remarkable clearness with which he enunciates the words, a lesson by which not a few singers, native and foreign, would do well to profit. In some instances the language might be Chinese, or that mystic vocabulary best known as “Double Dutch,” for aught that the audience can detect. Miss Dolby and Mr. Weiss were as usual all that could be expected from their well-earned reputation as finished masters of the sacred style. The band and chorus, under Mr. Costa (who, with the principal vocalists, was loudly cheered upon entering the orchestra, both by the public and performers), was admirable throughout, and presented the same familiar array of faces, with two important exceptions among the violoncelli, Mr. Lucas (absent on account of illness, we are sorry to learn, his place being supplied by Mr. Hancock), and Mr. Lovell Phillips, a member of the band from the first institution of the Society (absent, from what cause we have yet to learn).

The Hall was crowded, and, notwithstanding the regulations, the scarcely suppressed applause frequently testified the satisfaction of the audience.

*The Messiah* was given yesterday evening, when Mr. Sims Reeves was to appear.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY LITERARY SOCIETY.**—On Wednesday evening a *conversazione*, on a grand and unique scale, was given by the above Society in the great reading rooms attached to the Paddington terminus. This very spirited affair, sanctioned by the directors and the chairman, the Earl of Shelburne—also President of the Society—was got up by some of the principal officials of the railway, and reflects infinite credit on their taste and enterprise. The *conversazione* was deemed worthy of even royal patronage. Her Majesty, having heard that works of art would be lent for exhibition, most graciously sent the magnificent gold bedstead, recently presented to her by the Maharajah of Cashmere, and valued at £150,000. The Earl of Shelburne supplied several valuable paintings, and many gentlemen connected with the railway—or more immediately with the Literary Society—sent articles of rarity and value. Manufacturers were not behindhand. Messrs. Hancock, of Bruton-street, exhibited some splendid articles of *virtu* in silver; and the Messrs. Elkington had some rare specimens of electro-plate. Messrs. Copeland were represented by some costly and beautiful designs in porcelain. Pictures, paintings, and sketches covered the walls; the tables groaned beneath

volumes of prints, engravings, and photographs; and curiosities engaged the eye at every turn. The rooms were splendidly lighted, and were filled by a brilliant and delighted audience, who roamed about at their leisure, inspecting the different articles, or seated themselves to listen to the music, which constituted by no means the least attractive part of the entertainment to many.

The concert was brief—a special recommendation under the circumstances. The singers were Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Laura Baxter, and Miss Isabella Hunt; while Mr. Fabius Nunn played two solos on the pianoforte—a magnificent Broadwood, by the way, magnificent for the eyes as well as the ears—and accompanied the vocal music; and Mr. F. Clayton, an amateur, volunteered a performance on the violin. Miss Clari Fraser sang Mr. Balfe's ballad, “There is a name I never breathe,” and the Scotch song, “When ye gang awa', Jamie.” The latter was unanimously redemanded, when Miss Fraser substituted “Comin' thro' the rye.” Miss Laura Baxter introduced the *canzonetta*, “Fanciulle che il core,” from *Dinorah*, and “Home, sweet home.” The English song was encored, and the second verse repeated. Both ladies also sang Mendelssohn's duet, “I would that my love,” most charmingly; and Miss Isabella Hunt, although indicating extreme timidity, displayed a very nice soprano voice in the song, “I cannot mind my wheel, mother.”

In addition, Mr. Millard, whose talents as a reciter we have heard mentioned more than once, volunteered to read Hood's “Bridge of Sighs,” and Bloomfield's “Old Soldier,” with which the auditors appeared highly gratified.

The rooms remained open for inspection on Thursday evening and last evening, on both of which occasions amateur performances were given.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given on Wednesday last to a crowded audience, who seemed fully to appreciate its beauties, if we may judge by the profound attention with which it was listened to, and the frequent and hearty applause—the law of Exeter Hall not holding good in Long Acre. The band was full and efficient, while the chorus, consisting of members of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School, manifested great care and commendable excellence, doing every credit to the training of their conductor. Nevertheless, we must object to Mr. Hullah's taking some of the times too slowly, as Mendelssohn's, of all music, suffers the most from being dragged.

The principal parts were allotted to Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Misses Mina Poole, Fanny Huddart, and M. Bradshaw, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, W. Evans, Henry Baraby, and Weiss. Madame Lemmens Sherrington fully confirmed the high opinion she gained at Exeter Hall, in *The Last Judgment* and *Requiem*, and showed herself as thoroughly at home with Mendelssohn, as with Spohr and Mozart. Her “Hear ye Israel” drew forth special applause, while the Widow's duet with the prophet was replete with intelligence. Miss Mina Poole, who made her first appearance, possesses a soprano voice of good quality, which (with cultivation) promises well. The same remark applies to Miss Bradshaw. The three ladies were encored in the unaccompanied trio, “Lift thine eyes,” as was Miss Huddart for her expressive rendering of “O rest in the Lord.” Mr. Wilbye Cooper acquitted himself admirably. The two airs “If with all your hearts,” and “Then shall the righteous,” presenting so great a contrast, were equally well sung. Mr. Weiss, of course, sustained the part of the Prophet; and when we say that his singing was thoroughly worthy of the reputation he has gained, we can award no higher praise. The next performance will be *The Messiah*, with Miss Bankes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas, as principals.

**GREENWICH.**—Mr. Henry K. Morley (organist of the parish church) gave his annual concert at the Lecture Hall, on Thursday evening the 1st instant. The vocal music was entrusted to Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Costa's quartet “Ecco quel fiero” headed the programme, and was admirably given. It would be invidious to particularise the songs which followed, all being performed in first-rate style, but an exception



may perhaps be taken in respect of Mr. Hatton's rendering of Handel's "Ruddier than the cherry," a song quite beyond the power and capability of that gentleman's voice. The audience, however, recalled him, when he very wisely introduced one of his excellent comic effusions. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in Hatton's song of "Excelsior," and substituted "Come into the garden, Maud." A prominent feature in the second part of the programme was Weber's "Sonata in E flat, Op. 48" for piano-forte and clarinet. It was rendered in the most artistic manner by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Lazarus; and although introduced late in the evening, and a composition of some length, it was thoroughly enjoyed. When we add that these two artists also gave solos on their respective instruments, in addition to two violin fantasias by Mr. Wilby, it will be seen that the concert was of no ordinary excellence. Mr. Morley conducted, in conjunction with Mr. Hatton, in a very able manner. The Hall was quite full; and, in consequence of the great success of this concert, a second is announced for the 2nd February, when Miss A. Goddard, Miss Dolby, Mr. Reeves, and M. Sainton, are already engaged.

#### PROVINCIAL.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—(From a Correspondent).—The concert given on Monday last by the Birmingham Musical Union, at Dee's Assembly Room, was worthy of the society. The following was the programme:—

PART I.				
Quartet	...	...	...	Haydn.
Song, "Where the bee sucks"	...	...	...	Arne.
Solo—Violoncello	...	...	...	Lidel.
Sonata	...	...	...	Beethoven.
PART II.				
Song, "Arpa gentil"	...	...	...	Rossini.
Solo—Violin	...	...	...	Ernst.
Quartet	...	...	...	Mozart.

Haydn's composition is one of the most pleasing of the works of a composer who, no matter how great his other works, will always be estimated by the perfection to which he brought the stringed quartet. In the hands of Messrs. Blagrove, Hayward, Clementi, and Lidel, it proved a great treat. Miss Underwood made her *début* as vocalist on this occasion, and exhibited a sympathetic voice, of no great power, but capable of being made, by cultivation, as effective as it is now agreeable. She was evidently nervous, and consequently did not do herself justice in Arne's, "Where the bee sucks," as she herself afterwards proved by the superior manner in which she gave Rossini's "Arpa gentil," for which she received marks of approval, at once general and spontaneous. Herr Lidel's violoncello solo was well played, and Kreutzer highly relished by the audience. In the "Kreutzer" sonata, Mr. Duchemin, at the piano-forte, executed the difficult passages with which the piece abounds with remarkable clearness and artistic skill; and Mr. Hayward, at the violin, won his fair share of admiration; indeed, so finely did both artists give this one of Beethoven's choicest "tone-pictures," that, notwithstanding its length, the attention of the audience never for a moment appeared to flag. That Mr. Blagrove, one of the favourite pupils of Spohr, and confessedly at the head of our native violinists, should achieve success, was not to be wondered at; but we were scarcely prepared, even from him, to hear so faultless a performance as that of Ernst's solo; it was the perfection of violin playing. In the G minor quartet of Mozart, Messrs. Hayward, Clementi, and Lidel, on the "strings," did ample justice; as did Mr. Flavell at the piano-forte. Mr. Flavell's style is admirably adapted for those graceful phrases, for which the works of Mozart are remarkable. The quartet was warmly applauded; and the audience departed evidently delighted, not only with the matter of the evening's entertainment, but also with the manner.

**DUBLIN.**—Mr. H. Tendall, organist of the King's Hospital, formerly of Spa-fields and Clerkenwell churches, and choir-master of Gray's-inn-road Episcopal chapel, London, has been honoured with the degree of Doctor of Music, from one of the Continental Universities. Mr. Tendall is known as a composer by his setting of Goldsmith's *Captivity*. Dissertations on Tem-

perament in Musical Instruments, and the Philosophy of Sound, and a musical exercise, has won for Dr. Tendall his diploma.

**MANCHESTER.**—**GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB.**—The third concert took place on Thursday evening, under the presidency of Mr. William Barlow, late conductor of the club; the vice-presidents being Mr. Allen and Mr. Chadwick. The selection was judicious, and in point of length "just the thing." It, perhaps, appeared short, but there was only one encore; had the case been otherwise, a longer programme would have entrenched upon the time allotted to subsequent proceedings. Some of the glees evinced an improvement which, we trust, will be progressive. We also noticed that care had been taken in appropriating the voices to the different glees, and to this, in some measure, we attribute the improvement. We must, at the same time, compliment Mr. Harris on the discreet way in which he touched the piano-forte; its tones, in the purely vocal glees, being heard only in pieces where executants required assistance. The following glees were well given:—Smith's "Return, blest days," by Messrs. Edmundson, Dumville, Price, and Sheldrick; "Twas in the dark and dismal hour of night," written and composed by Mr. J. C. Clifton for the club, in 1832, and a glee by the conductor—words by our townsman, Mr. Ner Gardiner, are good specimens of part-writing. The second was the best specimen we have heard this season, and creditable to all concerned. We have not met with many secular compositions by Mr. Harris, though we are well acquainted with services, and other pieces for the church, which have established his reputation as a composer. After supper, Mr. Stephen Heelis responded to the toast of "The strangers," the only one allowed by the rules; and the usual miscellany concluded the entertainment.—Mr. Matthew Curtis will preside at the next meeting.

**DUNDEE.**—**SATURDAY CONCERTS.**—The burden of the concert of Saturday last was sustained by a vocal quartet party of excellence seldom met with. Such part singing has never before been heard in Dundee as that of the London Concert Union—consisting of Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Leffler, Mr. J. W. Morgan, and Mr. Brandon—whose voices are so nicely adjusted, that the motion of any individual part may be followed with ease by the intelligent auditor. This is a feature which, combined with other essentials—purity of intonation, and truthful expression—realise the perfection of part-singing. Every one was taken by surprise in Bishop's "Blow gentle gales. Miss Hughes is a soprano of the purest English school. Her singing in Zingarelli's "Sweetly o'er my senses stealing," was unexceptionable, while her expression was proved by the style in which she sung "The last rose of summer." Miss Leffler was most successful in her two songs. Mr. Morgan's "Tom Bowling" and "Mary of Argyll" were creditable performances. Mr. Brandon's "Wolf" was first rate.

#### EVANS'S HARMONIUM.

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

## FUNDAMENTAL BASSES.

SIR,—In offering a few words in reply to Mr. W. W. Parkinson, I pass over, unnoticed, a variety of irrelevant remarks, and in what I have to say, address myself to others and not to him alone. Mr. Parkinson observes, "Mr. Hewitt gives some examples of chords, together with some ridiculous basses, derived from those chords, according to his theory." Had Mr. Parkinson read my article of 19th November with any degree of attention, he would have perceived that these ridiculous basses are the genuine fruits, *not of my theory*, but of the theory for the support of which he is so strenuous an advocate.

I entreat the reader to examine the two foot-notes, in that article, which relate to the unit-sounds or basses appertaining to the chords in the example above; and if, after so doing, he can account for this mistake, it is more than I am able to do; nevertheless, I will not say that the blunder is committed wilfully, seeing that he also blunders in all his arithmetical calculations. My notions in regard to basses, relate to the terms, Right and Wrong or True and False—to state that what is true in regard to the ratio of any interval may be adjoined to either its true, or to a false basis, and *vice versa*, is a truism, which, but for the peculiar circumstances of the case, no one would think of putting forth. But the reader will, I trust, excuse me for drawing his attention to the fact that the basses stigmatised by Mr. Parkinson as being ridiculous, are the basses generated by the false ratios appertaining to the theory he is anxious to uphold; the particulars relating to which are verified in my article of 19th November, wherein Mr. Parkinson will also find something said about the basses cunningly set down in the place of those which are the real fruits of a false theory. How is it that Mr. Parkinson overlooks this fact? Let me entreat him to read the article again, carefully and deliberately, and then let him defend such charlatanism if he can. In the ratio  $\frac{12864}{512}$ , which differs but little from that of  $\frac{3}{2}$ , Mr. Parkinson has found a mare's nest. But a little farther attention would have brought to light the fact that similar mare's nests are to be found in the vicinity of any other simple ratio. For instance,  $\frac{200000}{512}$  would in practice make an exceedingly good substitute for the simple ratio  $\frac{3}{2}$ . For, taking C for the note represented by the denominator, as being the result of 512 vibrations in a second, the difference amounts only to 1 vibration in 32 minutes 33½ seconds, a difference certainly "far beyond the power of the finest ear to detect." But this affords no reason for the substitution of high instead of the more simple low ratios; for be it known that in music the higher numbers or ratios can, in practice, exist only in connection with, and in subordination to, the lower; being wonderfully classified by nature, as it were, into family groups, and thereby into modes, diatonic and chromatic, &c.

The difference between the ratios  $\frac{12864}{512}$  and  $\frac{3}{2}$  is as 98,305 is to 98,304, that is one vibration in 98,304, and not as Mr. Parkinson states, 1 in 120,000! Again, 120,000 vibrations at 512 in a second, will occupy only 3 minutes 54½ seconds, and not, as Mr. Parkinson states, upwards of 6½ minutes!! Lastly, in the matter of the minor thirds, which, as above stated differ as 98,305 to 98,304, the time required to generate a beat is 3 minutes and 12 seconds, and not 6½ minutes, according to Mr. Parkinson's mode of computation!!! Mr. Parkinson observes, "Mr. Hewitt, like the ruler of a neighbouring kingdom, goes to war for an idea—his idea being that we must be guided by the actual figures in which ratios are expressed, rather than by the ratios themselves." Now, without "going to war for an idea," I really should be glad to comprehend the difference between a ratio and the figures by which that ratio is expressed, unless by the former we are to understand thought, and by the latter printer's ink. I could state some *unknown* and very extraordinary facts in respect to high ratios in particular, and the basses appertaining thereto; but I choose to reserve these and many other points for the works I am endeavouring to publish.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

D. C. HEWITT.

10, King-street, Holborn, W.C., 1st Dec., 1859.

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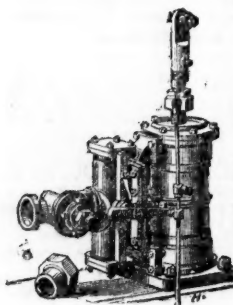
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	"Fare thee well"	2 0	2 0
PHILLIPS (LOVELL).	"The Christmas Rose," beautifully illustrated	2 0	2 0
REICHARDT (A.).	"Thou art so near and yet so far" (Du bist mir nah)	3 0	2 0
	"Are they meant but to deceive me" (On Kocho)	2 0	2 0
RICHARDS (BRINLEY).	"The Harp of Wales," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves	2 0	2 0
	"The blind man & summer," sung by Miss Palmer	2 0	2 0
	"The Sultana war song," sung by Mr. Santley	3 0	2 0
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SELIGMANN (JULIUS).	"Pretty Rosebud," composed for Herr Reichardt.	2 0	2 0
STIRLING (ELIZABETH).	"Leonora"	2 0	2 0
ST. LEGER (S. G.).	"The old willow tree"	2 0	2 0
VIVIER (EUGENE).	"The Goat-herd" (Le chevrier)	2 0	2 0
	"The Exile" (L'Exilé)	2 0	2 0
	"The Fisherman's Song" (Chanson du Pêcheur)	2 0	2 0
	"When o'er the meadows green" (with Horn accompaniment), sung by Madame Viardot	3 0	2 0
	Violoncello part to ditto	0 6	2 0
WHITE (CLEMMENT).	"My ain Donald"	2 0	2 0
YARNOLD (LOUISA).	"The Troubadour's lament"	2 0	2 0
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	6. Two Fugues in C major	2 0	2 0
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